

Let's Not Talk About Anything Else by dillydilly

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Summary:

"Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,
Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?"
-the love song of J. Alfred Prufrock, T. S. Eliot

Lucas shrugged helplessly. "Um?" If he hadn't been so anxious, he might have looked sheepish.

"Dustin," Will said, "I will give you my X-Men #134 if you stop talking right now and never bring this up in front of me again."

In which Eleven is curious, Lucas is figuring things out, and everyone is at least a little uncomfortable.

Let's Not Talk About Anything Else

Author's Note:

please be kind as i'm not really a writer.

this fic is inspired by the fact that they're all about twelve or thirteen and the fact that every thirteen year old is a bit of a mess.

feedback is always appreciated, so please feel free to speak up. I have ideas for how the rest of this scenario would play out, but I probably won't write them unless someone is interested.

Mike had gone upstairs to get snacks.

"So... are we going to talk about it?" asked Dustin, who was finishing the last bag of Doritos. He shot a pointed look at the couch, where Will and Lucas were sitting as far apart as they could on the couch, resolutely staring at everything but each other.

Lucas somehow grew even stiffer. "No, we are not going to talk about it. We're not even going to think about it."

"Talk about what?" asked Eleven, who was sitting cross-legged on Mike's armchair.

Dustin gave another pointed look to the boys on the couch, waiting for one of them to explain. That was looking less and less likely as the awkward silence dragged on; Will's face was bright red, and Lucas looked like he wished the couch would swallow him whole.

"What is it?" Eleven needed, "Is it bad?"

After a solid thirty seconds of Eleven shifting anxiously and the two guilty looking boys avoiding eye contact, Dustin gave up. He sighed.

"I walked in on Lucas and Will making out."

Lucas groaned. "Dustin! Man, c'mon!"

Eleven's head tilted like it always did when she was confused. "Making out?"

Despite himself, Dustin was enjoying tormenting his friends, though he would totally deny it if anyone asked. "Kissing. Like, really intense kissing."

Eleven's forehead wrinkled even more while she processed that, but then her eyes widened and her jaw dropped. "Really? Lucas?"

Dustin cut her off. "-and Will. Yes."

Will sank even further into the couch and let out the kind of strangled, desperate noise that made everyone look at him in concern. "Can we please not do this right now?"

Dustin raised a judgmental eyebrow at him. "Would you rather do it when Mike comes back?"

As if to prove Dustin's point, at that instant they heard muffled yelling upstairs. "No, I am not going to the store just so you nerds can have Pop Rocks."

There was a pause, and then: "Ugh, fine! But you're coming with me."

Another pause, and then: "We're going to the store! Don't burn the house down. There, told them."

The group in the basement stayed silent as Nancy and Mike's bickering faded, and they heard a car start and drive away.

The room held its breath for a second, but then Eleven sneezed, and Will and Lucas both said "bless you" at the same time, and then made eye contact, and then the uncomfortable elephant in the room was back.

Will deflated and looked like he would rather be back in the hospital than in current company. Lucas cleared his throat and gave a faux-nonchalant shrug. "I was just giving him CPR?" he tried, but the excuse came out as more of a question than an explanation.

Even Eleven looked unconvinced. "Seriously?"

Dustin's eyebrow crept even higher. "Lucas, don't even try."

Another couple uncomfortable seconds passed. Will couldn't stop fidgeting in his seat while Lucas looked decidedly interesting in the fabric of the couch seat.

Finally, Will glanced at his hands, then at Lucas, then back at his hands before looking at Dustin, who was smirking at him. His hands trembled and his face flushed at being caught, but he swallowed and spoke. "Fine. Yes, Lucas and me kissed." He tried to ignore how Lucas wiped his hands on his pant legs. "Happy?"

Dustin's face hadn't changed, but honestly, he was delighted. He was also kind of an asshole, and slow clapped a couple of times for dramatic effect. "Wow. Thank you Will, but we've already established that you two swapped spit."

Lucas groaned. "Then what the hell do you want? Why are you doing this to me?"

Eleven finally spoke up. "Are you two-" she broke off, struggling for words, before continuing, "like Nancy and Steve?"

"Nancy's a girl" Will and Lucas replied simultaneously.

Dustin snorted. "No shit, Sherlock. I think El's trying to ask if you two are together."

"I'm not a fag" Lucas blurted out. Will flinched. Lucas shook his head, "No, no! Not like that! Just, umm, people always say that if you like another boy that way then you're a queer and you're a sissy and you wear weird clothes and do ballet and you're dirty and you use makeup and do... I dunno. Perverted things. But it's not like that." Lucas dropped his head, and his shoulders sagged. He seemed smaller, somehow. "At least, I'm not like that."

Will looked thoughtful, and laid his hand out on the middle cushion, halfway between the two boys, and leaned in, just a little. "Lucas, I don't think you're a sissy," he whispered.

Lucas finally made eye contact and gave him a small smile, his teeth looking even whiter against his dark skin. He set his hand down next

to Will's so that they were almost touching. "Thanks, Will."

The world narrowed to only include the boys, the couch, and the electric almost-but-not-quite touching feeling in their hands. For a moment, at least. They broke apart when Dustin pointedly cleared his throat, narrowing his eyes at the two boys who were once again perched on opposite ends of the couch.

"Just for the record? If you two start kissing again, I'm gonna vomit."

Eleven giggled, Lucas glared, and Will sighed and resignedly said, "thanks, Dustin."

Eleven leaned forward. "You guys never answered my question."

Will looked confused, but Lucas froze, suddenly rigid and tense again.

Dustin clarified, "How long have the two of you been together?"

To everyone's surprise, Lucas spoke up.

"Uh, Dustin? What, um, what happened-it's not like we, you know, planned it or anything."

Eleven and Dustin both looked confused.

"Obviously, dumbass. Nobody plans on someone walking in on you and your-"

Dustin broke off, a look of troubled realization on his face.

"Oh, shit. You guys aren't-was that the first time?"

Lucas shrugged helplessly. "Um?" If he hadn't been so anxious, he might have looked sheepish.

"Dustin," Will said, "I will give you my X-Men #134 if you stop talking right now and never bring this up in front of me again."

"Deal."

Eleven uncrossed and recrossed her legs. "So is this a secret?"

"Dustin, stop her!"

"Sorry Will, deal only applies to me."

"Don't be an asswipe, Dustin."

"Lucas, kindly eat my shorts."

Eleven sighed loudly, drawing the attention back to her. She nodded at Will. "Well, is it?"

Lucas rolled his eyes and muttered something under his breath, but Will waved him off. "Ignore him. Yeah, El. You can't tell anyone. Please."

"Not even Mike?"

"Mike is probably fine. But not Nancy or Holly or their parents."

"And Joyce? Jonathan?"

"Jonathan knows. Not like-" Will gestured between him and Lucas, "but in general. And my mom suspects. As for Lucas,-"

"If anyone tells my parents, they'll kill me, and then I'll come back from the grave and haunt you."

"-Lucas is a jerk." Will finished, "And so are his parents."

Dustin expected Lucas to take offense to that, but the older boy simply shrugged and said, "that's fair."

"Will?" Eleven asked

"Yes, El?" Will knew that once Eleven started answering questions, she wasn't particularly inclined to stop.

"How many people have you kissed?"

While Will didn't look as uncomfortable as before, his cheeks were starting to burn again, so Dustin stood up and said, "You have Number 134 in your backpack, right?"

Will nodded. "Yeah. So?"

Dustin stretched and cracked his shoulders for the maximum effect. "So, I'm going to go collect my end of the deal. C'mon Lucas."

Will looked visibly relieved until Lucas whined, "Why do I have to come?"

Now, let the record show that when it mattered, Dustin was actually a fantastic friend. That was why he didn't even falter before saying, "Because Will's backpack is like, a black hole, and I need you to make sure I don't cross the event horizon." Okay, so it wasn't Dustin's best excuse, but it was good enough.

So Lucas, despite his misgivings got up, and the two boys started up the stairs. At least, Lucas got one foot on the steps and one hand on the railing before he froze, staring at Will over his shoulder. Dustin sighed.

"Lucas," he said softly, and it was enough to startle Lucas into hurrying up the rest of the stairs.

Dustin scrubbed his hand over his face as he followed. When had he become the normal one of his friends?

Author's Note:

thank you for reading!

I do have scattered ideas/exchanges written as for what will be said between Lucas&Dustin and Will&Will, as well as for what happens when the Wheeler duo get home. They're not compiled or connected yet though, so please let me know if you would be interested in reading them. Don't worry about Will or Lucas though. They'll be fine, they just suck at, you know, talking about feelings like responsible people.

All grammatical/spelling errors are my fault since I don't have anyone to proofread this.